

The very bottome and the soule of Hope,  
The very list, the very vtmost bound  
Of all our Fortunes.

*Doug.* Fayth, and so we should,  
Where now remains a sweete reuerfion.  
We may boldly spend vpon the hope of what 't is to come in,  
A comfort of retirement liues in this.

*Hot.* A randeuous, a home to fly vnto,  
If that the Diuell and Mischance looke big  
Vpon the maydenhead of our affaires.

*Wer.* But yet I would your Father had been heere:  
The qualitie and heire of our attempt  
Brookes no diuision, it will be thought  
By some, that know not why he is away,  
That wisdome, loyalty, and meere dislike  
Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence.  
And thinke, how such an apprehension  
May turne the tide of fearefull faction,  
And breed a kind of question in our cause:  
For, well you know, we of the offring side,  
Must keepe aloofe from strict arbitrement,  
And stop all sight-holes, euery loope, from whence  
The eye of reason may prie in vpon vs:  
This absence of your Father drawes a curtaine,  
That shewes the ignorant, a kind of feare  
Before not dreamt of.

*Hot.* You straine too farre.  
I rather of his absence make this vse,  
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,  
A larger dare to your greate enterprize,  
Then if the Earle were heere: for men must thinke,  
If we without his helpe, can make a head  
To push against the Kingdome, with his helpe,  
We shall, or turne it tople turuy downe:  
Yet all goes well, yet all our ioynts are whole.

*Doug.* As heart can thinke, there is not such a word  
Spoke of in Scotland, as this deame of feare.

*Enter Sir Rich. Vernon.*

*Hot.* My coosen *Vernon*, welcom  
*Ver.* Pray God my newes be w  
The Earle of *Westmerland*, seaucn  
Is marching hitherwards, with P

*Hot.* No harme, what more?

*Ver.* And further, I haue learn  
The King himselfe in person hath  
Or hitherwards intended speedily  
With strong and mighty prepara

*Hot.* He shall be welcome too;  
The nimble-footed mad cap, *Prin*  
And his Cumrades, that dast the  
And bid it passe?

*Ver.* All furnisht? all in Armes?  
All plumpe like *Elstriges*, that with  
Bayted like *Eagles*, hauing lately  
Glittering in golden Coates like *I*  
As full of spirit as the moneth of  
And gorgeous as the Sunne at *M*  
Wanton as youthfull Goates, wil  
I saw young *Harry* with his Beuer  
His Cushes on his thighes, gallan  
Rise from the ground like feather  
And vaulted with such ease into hi  
As if an Angell dropt downe from  
To turn and winde a fiery *Pegasus*  
And witch the world with noble H

*Hot.* No more, no more, worse  
This prayse doth nourish Agues;  
They come like Sacrifices in their  
And to the fire-eyde mayde of sin  
All hot and bleeding, will we offer  
The mayled *Mars* shall on his Alra  
Vp to the eares in blood. I am o  
To heare this rich repizall is so nig  
And yet not ours. Come, let me t  
Who is to beare me like a thunder  
Against the bolome of the Prince